

Bingham, June 11, 1874

Mr. Ford.

Madame.

My desire to
run off the last days on with of one
highly esteemed emboldens me to ad-
dress this morning. If I seem to in-
trude trust you will pardon.

Amidst our open agon-
izing wounds but partially healed causing
them to bleed afresh. One was there-
ing near a friend who married my
husband as a brother greatly beloved
for me to pass the days in his family.
So thither I went for the old feeling of

Lithany was creeping over me the same
as years before when standing by an open
grave, taking the last lingering look. I
absorbed. With the past the mind seemed
totally unconscious of the present, for it had
before leaving here been a fixed purpose, never
to visit Marshfield, where strength should
be given to overcome emotions and not
trouble those around me by the want of
self-control.

But I was recalled to a sense of
duty, caused from the stupor, penetrating
slightly faintly by seeing in the Herald of a
daily paper the name of your aunt. I
seemed like an electric shock - you do not
know what she has been to me - my more
than friend - my guide - my counselor, now
that I am alone as well as in the days
of youth and inexperience.

The last letter to me bears date
March 20th - it was more brief than usual
she wrote as she had before, that the time

to her would be short. I think she lived life-
hard a shrinking from death fearing that
she was not fully prepared for so great a change.
And do you not think the mind becomes
weakened from dwelling in loneliness, in the
seclusion of one's living heart? I think from
unsympathetic interest, have sometimes felt
that she might.

Have but, returned to this place - it
was with the expectation of finding a letter
from some one of her friends informing me
of her death. But I am disappointed.

Will it be asking too much of you
to inquire such information as I desire by letter.
Would like to know how she was for the last
few months - whether she was alone if not
who cared for her and performed the last of-
fices of love and kindness? I recollect a commu-
nication with her some years ago when her health
was precarious - she then attached much importance
to the site of burial. I would like to know
who officiated on the occasion. Expected to see

some literary notice of her in the denominational paper to which she has so long been a subscriber, as well as an appreciation reader of its columns. But I have looked in vain.

I shall be interested in any thing you may feel at liberty to communicate to me who deeply mourn her departure. Last year the names of three valued correspondents, all many years younger than myself, were shared, now another whose valued friend will be greatly missed is numbered with them. In the land beyond, where there are no funeral processions, no death-cries and "no more pain" I hope to meet them all.

Yours, in Love and Sympathy
Mary T. Copley.

Direct South Kingham M. R.